

Good Morning 503

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Our Real Wealth Goes down the Sink

WHEN the war is over, shall we return to the wasteful methods of the years in which we seldom thought that even household refuse could be saved and collected to serve a useful purpose?

Every school child knows the expression, "Waste not, want not." It was the somewhat eccentric corps commander, General Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston, affectionately known as "Hunter Bunter," in the last war, who first perceived the value of salvage; and within his corps area he set up notices—"What have you salvaged to-day?" and instituted dumps to which men returning from the battlefields and trenches carried shell cases, cast-away equipment, empty rum-bottles, and all the miscellany of the soldier's existence.

That principle has become a national institution.

The saving of paper, rags, bones, rubber, scraps from the kitchen, metals, have returned to the factories in valuable raw materials, and have provided pig and poultry food on a vast scale. The organisation for its collection runs smoothly through local authorities, while its removal prevents congestion, dirt and dust, and therefore adds to the efficiency of domestic hygiene and to healthy life.

But waste neither began nor ended with the domestic refuse tub. There was waste in the use of man-power, waste in workshop practice, waste of energy and resources for which we received no return in human comfort and the amenities of life.

As is well known, since by its very nature war is itself wasteful in production, despite the vigour of Mr. Bevin and the restrictions of the Ministry of Supply, the savings and economies of the citizen have too often been frittered away in services flushed with bounty, and the watch-dogs of national expenditure have frequently

noted waste on a prodigal scale. But that will end with the war, when the nation, like every commercial undertaker, must balance its budget.

Invention and discovery have led to immense economies in the use of costly fluids in industry. Steam, gas, electricity, oil, high-pressure air have been harnessed to new processes, minimising the volume required and cutting the costs of propulsion power and in technical production.

Research can promote still greater economies. Vast new fields in the use of vegetable pulp, wood fibre, and the waste in agriculture have been opened up; while the plastic industry alone can absorb all kinds of produce which formerly went to waste.

We have discovered that hedge berries and wild weeds, formerly neglected, contain higher nutritious values than do many expensively produced packaged foodstuffs. Dehydration serves economies in packing, storage and transport, and is yet in its infancy.

Nor is there any need for that most wasteful of all institutions—the unemployed. They were a burden to themselves, with energies and morale vitiated; they were a waste of man-power and money. There has been no attempt to equate consumptive capacity with productive capacity, because finance was the master of industry instead of being its servant.

Vast skill and ingenuity have been used in mining gold, only to bury it again. Orchards were chopped down; wheat was burnt as engine fuel; tons of coffee were jettisoned into the ocean; and

Waste neither begins nor ends with the domestic refuse tub. In every phase of human activity there is waste, waste, waste, says Lt.-Col.

Graham Seton
Hutchinson,
D.S.O., M.C.

the trawlers' catch was often thrown back into the sea—all to keep up prices.

Vested interests have held up socially valuable services, and the genius of the inventor and of the skilled craftsman has often gone to waste. We should by now have learned that the needs of the community come first, and that they can be met by intelligent planning in production and by the proper use of man-power and our financial and material resources.

But financial waste has been among the worst of all our negligence. We have only to consider the grave misuse of credits, the boosting of bogus companies, and the production of useless trivialities.

Not that I urge that all production should serve a utilitarian purpose. Far from it, for there are new heights to be attained in the arts, in culture, and in the right use of leisure, which again would eliminate bad taste and what is merely degrading.

But until our own national needs are satisfied to the full, surely it is a waste of national wealth so hardly won that it should be loaned abroad, with the use to which it is put beyond our control.

Communal waste, too, is prodigious, due to religious, political and economic causes. Warring sects, hysterical propaganda bodies, unnecessary commercial rivalries, produce immense waste in energy, money and man-power.

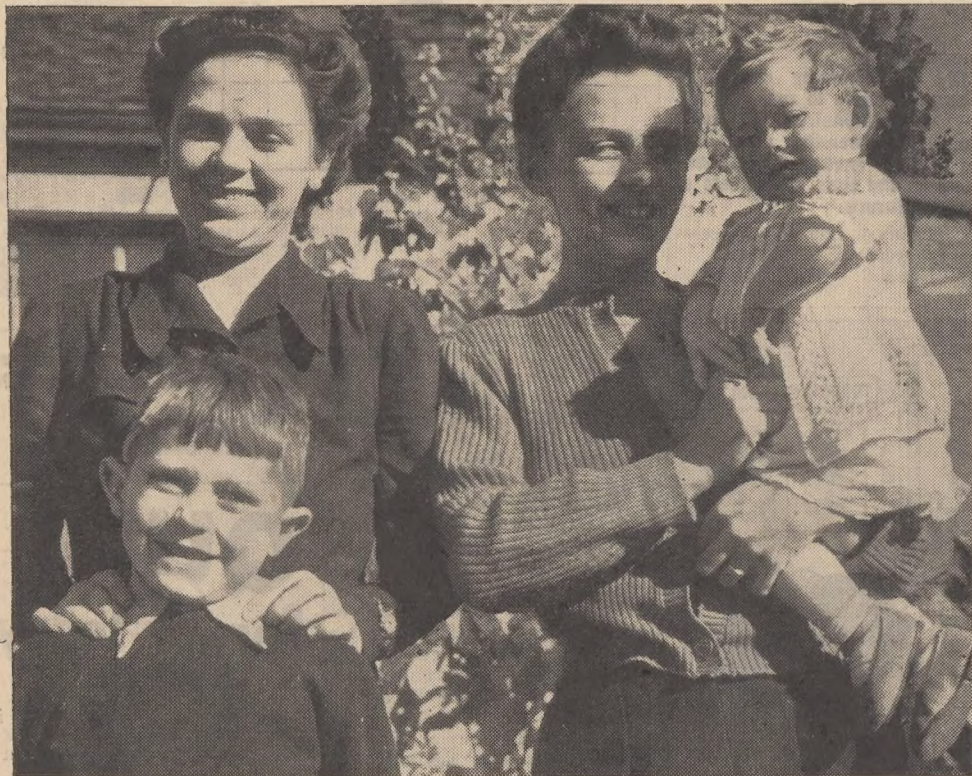
Though there will always be differences of opinion, based on rival principles, there is no necessity for organisations whose claims are based on bigotry, personal ambitions, prejudice, or upon a prospectus more mendacious and alluring to a gullible public than is that of a well-established rival.

If also we would give a more attentive ear to knowledge concerning health, sanitation, dietetics, and the simple facts of sex, the saving in hospitals and clinics, in medicine and in man-hours lost, is quite incalculable. Every family doctor knows that quite half his time is wasted by attending persons in his surgery or in their homes whose ills are imaginary or are due to sheer ignorance of the most elementary facts of life.

Throughout all our social services, national and local; throughout all our industries, large and small, we have learned that we require planned purpose, not by the imposition of a vast bureaucracy, "pushing us around," but by intelligent co-operation between all citizens.

The dustbin and the swill-tub standing at the domestic gate should therefore be regarded as beacons of a future wherein muddling through has ceased to exist, and brains, brawn, materials and wealth shall serve those purposes alone which uplift the nation.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



ALL IN THE PICTURE for L.Sto. John McGowan

YOUR Wife's idea of an extra effort towards the war is an 8-hour daily shift on the Corporation buses, Leading-Stoker John McGowan. Also, this occupation brings her into contact with a number of interesting people, and it keeps her mind off her innermost worry—your absence, of course.

Young Daniel doesn't like school at all. According to his Mother he is never happier than when getting into scrapes with the other boys. Summing him up, your Wife says, "He's just like that husband of mine."

There's a little thing worrying Mrs. McGowan. She hasn't been dancing since you went away, and is quite naturally looking forward to the day when you can take her to the Pavilion again. But that is no cause for worry. The trouble is your beard.

The good little lady is adamant on the point that you must shave it off before you get home. So don't say we didn't warn you.

Harriett, of course, is perky as ever. She wouldn't stop taking the mike out of the photographer, so we were driven out into the garden to take some pictures of your Wife and Daniel.

are easy to peel and easier to eat, according to your Wife. But quite a few haven't appeared at all. It's suggested that they must be growing through the earth, and maybe will come up some place where you can dig them for yourself.

We all joked about the time when you were accused of soaking your head under the drain pipe, and relating sadly that you had been nearly drowned on duty. You have something of the reputation of a flanneler at home, Mister.

Still, in the garden, we think your able hands could be used to advantage. Mother would do it, she told us, but she enjoys it more when she can stand around and direct you.

The message ends on a more serious note, John: all at Gardner Cottage, John Street, Dunoon, get together to wish you a good trip and a safe journey home. Your Wife postscripts that with her love.

Home Town News

MR. GEORGE EDWARD COKER, who died at Ivybridge, South Devon, at the age of 83, had a considerable local reputation as a snake-charmer. He once revealed the secret of the power he claimed over the slithering tribe. It was by reciting this incantation:—

"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered; let them also that hate Him flee before Him."

"As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God."

When Mr. Coker used this charm snakes coiled up and were harmless, say Ivybridge folk. The "gift" has been in the family for generations.

But the spell won't work for those not in the know.

B. AND B.

When a film company were on location at a Cornish fishing village they had so much difficulty finding lodging that some

of the actors and actresses were going about offering two guineas a night for bed and breakfast.

As there were plenty of road jobs on offer at £1 to £2 a day the villagers had a prosperous week.

Anna Neagle, Rex Harrison and Robert Morley were among another film party which took possession of the railway station at Ivybridge while filming "I Lived in Grosvenor Square."

Kathleen Wright, a ticket collector, and two porters, Zena Toms and Rene Stabrides, were roped in to take part in a scene from the film.

BELLS

Mr. Tom Ryder, of Ugborough, is still ringing the church bells at 85, and hopes to be on duty in the belfry for the peace peals.

Born on February 29 in a Leap Year, the veteran bell-ringer celebrated his 20th birthday this year!

Tommy and Peter Pose for P.O. Stan. Jones

MAY we introduce Tommy and Peter Jones, the two bonny sons of Petty Officer Stan Jones and Mrs. Freda Jones, of 43, Taswell-road, Southsea?

Tommy—the proud possessor of a model yacht his Dad



made for him before he sailed—is three years and nine months old. Peter is just nine months and weighs 21½ pounds. When P.O. Jones last saw him, Peter was still in long clothes, only four months old.

Glad to present to you, P.O. Jones, the first picture of your two boys. We hope it will be a pleasant surprise.

Your wife has been trying to get a photo done for you, but as you know the photographers have a long waiting list nowadays so "Good Morning" stepped into the breach.

Peter has not yet learned to toddle, but believe us, he goes around! He can say "Dad" and "Gran" and "Grandad," and he knows

which is his Daddy's photograph on the cabinet, too.

Tommy, of course wants to know when you are coming home again. To him, there is no one like his Dad. He's enjoying himself immensely, however, with some toy trucks in the garden and likes to fill them up with coal. One of the Bevin boys, eh? Then, his mother tells us, there's coal from one end of the house to the other.

Privately, he's still longing for a little bicycle.

Your wife was expecting her father home from Normandy when we called—Lieutenant Quartermaster J. Parker, of the paratroops.

She and her mother ask us to tell you all are well at home.

BACK FROM THE DEAD— with the Diamonds

"GOOD! Good! where are you?" we shouted, in terrified distress. To our intense relief an answer came back in a choky voice.

"All right; I've got hold of a rock. Strike a light to show me where you are."

Hastily I lit the last remaining match. It's faint gleam discovered to us a dark mass of water running at our feet.

"Stand clear to catch me," sung out Good. "I must swim for it."

Then we heard a splash, and a great struggle. Another minute and he had grabbed at and caught Sir Henry's outstretched hand, and we had pulled him up high and dry into the tunnel.

"My word!" he said, between his gasps, "that was touch and go. It runs like a mill-race, and I could feel no bottom."

It was clear that this would not do; so after Good had rested a little, and we had drunk our fill from the water of the subterranean river, we began to retrace our steps along the tunnel, Good dripping unpleasantly in front of us. At length we came to another tunnel leading to our right.

"We may as well take it," said Sir Henry wearily; "all roads are alike here; we can only go on till we drop."

Slowly, for a long while, we stumbled, utterly weary, along this

KING SOLOMON'S MINES By the courtesy of the executors of RIDER HAGGARD

new tunnel, Sir Henry leading now. on the great road, on the side of the Suddenly he stopped, and we bumped up against him.

"Look!" he whispered, "is my brain going, or is that light?"

We stared with all our eyes, and there, yes, there, far ahead of us, was a faint, glimmering spot, no larger than a cottage window pane.

By the side of the road, a hundred yards off, a fire was burning in front of some huts, and round the fire were figures. We made towards them, supporting one another, and halting every few paces. Presently one of the figures rose, saw us, and fell on to the ground, crying out for fear.

the join of the sliding door; nor, indeed, could we hit upon the secret, now utterly lost, that worked it, though we tried for an hour or more.

With a sigh of disappointment we made our way back, and next day started for Loo. And yet it was really very ungrateful of us to be disappointed; for, as the reader will remember, I had, by a lucky thought, taken the precaution to fill the pockets of my old shooting coat with gems before we left our prison-house.

My old shooting coat held enough treasure to make us all, if not millionaires, at least exceedingly wealthy men, and yet to keep enough stones each to make the three finest sets of gems in Europe.

On arriving at Loo we were most cordially received by Ignosi. He listened with breathless



"He seems to be using the old - fashioned method of breathing on the window-pane first, darling."



"She's got a nerve! Parading in front of us like that!"

With a sort of gasp of hope we pushed on. In five minutes there was no longer any doubt; it was a patch of faint light. All at once the tunnel narrowed. Sir Henry went on his knees. Smaller yet it grew, till it was only the size of a large fox's earth.

A squeeze, a struggle, and Sir Henry was out, and so was Good, and so was I, and there above us were the blessed stars, and in our nostrils was the sweet air.

We sat down together there on the grass, and the revulsion of feeling was so great that I really think we cried for joy.

Presently the grey light stole down the slopes, and we saw that we were at the bottom, or rather, nearly at the bottom, of the vast pit in front of the entrance to the cave.

Presently we rose, fearing that our limbs would stiffen if we stopped there longer. For an hour rock which had shut us off from or more we toiled steadfastly up escape. I say gazed at the blue clay.

At last it was done, and we stood would, we could find no traces of

"Infadoos, Infadoos! it is we, thy friends."

We rose; he ran to us, staring wildly, and still shaking with fear.

"Oh, my lords, my lords, it is indeed you come back from the dead!—come back from the dead!"

And the old warrior flung himself down before us, and clasped Sir Henry's knees, and wept aloud for joy.

After we had recovered from our fatigues, a process which took us forty-eight hours, we descended into the great pit in the hope of finding the hole by which we had crept out of the mountain, but with no success. We also made a further examination of the wonders of the stalactite cave, and, drawn by a kind of restless feeling, even penetrated once more into the Chamber of the Dead; and, passing beneath the spear of the white Death, gazed at the mass of rock which had shut us off from or more we toiled steadfastly up escape. I say gazed at the blue clay.

At last it was done, and we stood would, we could find no traces of

MIXED DOUBLES

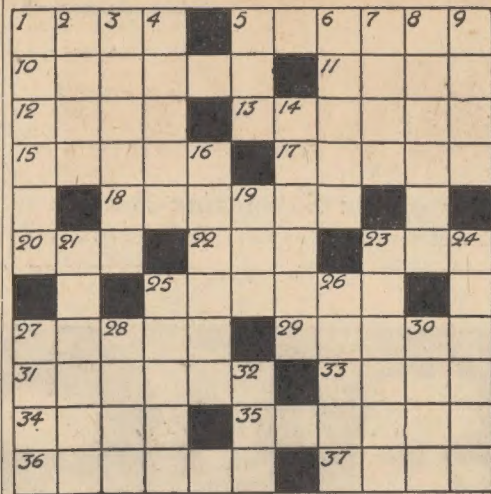
Jumbles of pairs of things, words or people often phrased together, such as DUCKS and DRAKES, BUBBLE and SQUEAK, etc.

- (a) FOR A TIN PIG.
(b) A SIMPLE BEAR.
- (a) A TENDER RAGE.
(b) NO SHODDY CAR RIM.
- (a) PARACHUTES.
(b) AN UMPIRE TRUE.
- (a) SOME IN A SET.
(b) NO USE NEAR GEM.

(Answers in No. 504.)

- Answers to Mixed Doubles in No. 502.
- (a) PLEASED & GLAD.
(b) WEAK & STRONG.
 - (a) HONOUR & RESPECT.
(b) MOBILE & STATIC.
 - (a) EXCHANGE & BARTER.
(b) AWAKE & SLEEPING.
 - (a) EVINCE & SHOW.
(b) SHOUT & WHISPER.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Spill.
- Lowers.
- Joyous songs.
- Contour.
- Skin.
- Comfort.
- Saying.
- Lady.
- Occupant.
- Shelter.
- Colour.
- Scottish river.
- English County.
- Centre remover.
- Bringer of gifts.
- Made amends.
- Navigate.
- Preludice.
- Free.
- Shelter.
- Colloquial bed.

JAB DIE PAD
ABOVE BLARE
RULER BULGE
TUNIS PAUL
ASSUMPTIVE
M SERENE S
YAP TIE RAM
RIVEN ISLE
REPORTER TA
UNITS VIPER
MATE PASTRY

CLUES DOWN.

- Write badly.
- Deposited.
- Much adorned.
- Short fat person.
- Animal.
- Meté.
- Asiatic State.
- Put in case.
- Perceived.
- Possessors.
- Bear.
- Scottish county.
- Foreign plant.
- Machine.
- Extols.
- Wisdom.
- Relieved.
- Vehicles.
- Bellow.
- Tilts.
- Study.

interest to our wonderful story. "And now, Ignosi, the time has come for us to bid thee farewell, and start to seek once more our own land. To-morrow, at break of day, Ignosi, wilt thou give us an escort who shall lead us across the mountains? Is it not so, O king?"

Ignosi covered his face with his hands for a while before answering.

"My heart is sore," he said at last; "your words split my heart in twain. What have I done to you Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, that ye should leave me desolate?"

I laid my hand upon his arm. "Ignosi," I said, "tell us, when thou didst wander in Zululand, and among the white men in Natal, did not thine heart turn to the land thy mother told thee of?"

"It was even so, Macumazahn." "Then thus does our heart turn to our land and to our own place." Then came a pause.

When Ignosi broke it, it was in a different voice.

"I do perceive that thy words are, now as ever, wise and full of reason, Macumazahn; that which flies in the air loves not to run along the ground; the white man loves not to live on the level of the black. Well, ye must go, and leave my heart sore, because ye will be as dead to me, since from where ye will be no tidings can come to me."

"But listen, and let all the white men know my words. If a white man comes to my gates I will send him back; if a hundred come I will push them back; if an army comes, I will make war on them. None shall ever come for the shining stones; no, not an army, for if they come I will send a regiment and fill up the pit, so that none can come even to that door of which ye speak. But for you three, Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, the path is always open; for behold, ye are dearer to me than aught that breathes."

"And ye would go. Infadoos, my uncle, and my Induna, shall take thee by the hand and guide thee, with a regiment. There is, as I have learnt, another way across the mountains that he shall show you. Farewell, my brothers, brave white men. See me no more for I have no heart to bear it. Behold, I make a decree, and it shall be published from the mountains to the mountains; your names, Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, shall be as the names of dead kings, and he who speaks them shall die. So shall your memory be preserved in the land for ever."

"Go now, ere my eyes rain tears like a woman's. Fare ye well for ever, Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, my lords and my friends."

He rose, looked earnestly at us for a few seconds, and then

threw the corner of his karross over his head, so as to cover his face from us.

We went in silence.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

- Diaper is a term used in organ music, fish, textile, dance, fern frond, system of shorthand?
- In what sport is the term "grip" a technical expression?
- Quebec was captured by the English in: 1659, 1759, 1859?
- Which is (a) male, (b) female, in: hog, pig, swine, sow?
- Where is the island of Corfu?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Garulous, Gareteer, Garrison, Caronade, Cartouche.

Answers to Quiz in No. 502

- American partridge.
- Christine, Beatrice, Mari-
anne.
- Ice-hockey.
- Four week-days.
- Loire.
- Coliseum, Palladium, Rem-
brandt.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 26

- Rearrange the following words to form a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: **Square is circle be it to impossible quite the will always and.**
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Novel, Biography, Treatise, Essay, Text-book, Guide-book.
- 3 is to 2 what 10 is to 5, 15, 20, 40, 50, 80?
- A family party consisted of 1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 2 fathers, 2 mothers, 4 children, 3 grandchildren, 1 brother, 2 sisters, 2 sons, 2 daughters, 1 father-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, and 1 daughter-in-law. All the people present were related in the way described; how many were there?

Answers to Test No. 25.

- Tennyson.
- "For" is a three-letter word; others are two-lettered.
- 49.
- Sunday. For when the day after to-morrow (Tuesday) is "yesterday," "to-day" will be Wednesday; and when the day before yesterday (Friday) was "to-morrow," "to-day" was Thursday. There are two days between Thursday and Sunday, and between Sunday and Wednesday.

WANGLING WORDS—442

- Insert five consonants in A * * A * * A * and get a State in U.S.A.
- In the following proverbial saying (a quotation from one of Gray's poems), both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Ot sewi hewn sit si range-coin eb lylof silbs.**
- The same number stands for the same letter throughout in these four British artists. Who are they? **C02543B79, 4U6296, 73285996, 5432F1978.**
- Find Eric's two hidden brothers in: **Don't dye that stuff red, Eric; knots and tassels which bulge or get tangled are better blue.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 441

- VALPARAISO.
- When marriage comes in at the door, love flies up the chimney.
- Gaumont, Regal, Odeon, Paramount.
- Marge-ry, Am-a-bel.

JANE



While the audience applaud the Tableau Vivant...



...They have no idea of the lively dialogue taking place between Venus and Paris!



YOU PLAYBOY!—WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE—IN THIS RIG-OUT?

WELL—I—YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TEAR OFF A STRIP, JANE—IN YOUR BIRTHDAY SUIT!!

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



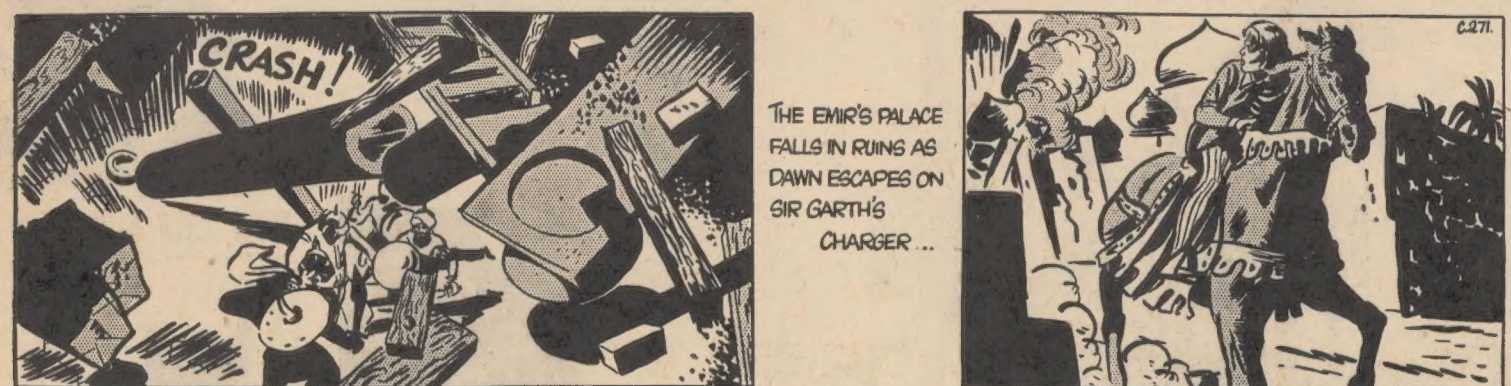
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ODDITIES OF SPORT

By J. M. MICHAELSON

WHAT is the greatest number of runs that can be made from one hit? There is no limit. Most spectators have seen seven and perhaps eight made with overthrows. I have a record of twelve made in a New Zealand match in 1936. The ball was hit for two, two more were run for an overthrow. Another overthrow resulted in the batsmen running three more. A desperate fieldsmen lunged at the ball with his cap and stopped it. That enabled the exhausted batsmen to stop running, but added five more to the score—total, twelve.

Even this was beaten shortly afterwards in Australia with a hit for 17. This was made up of four runs for the hit, four for an overthrow, and nine more run while a fieldsmen who had mis-thrown the ball climbed the tree where it had lodged and retrieved it! This wasn't first-class cricket!

Six is the official score for a "lost ball," however far it goes. Perhaps that is as well, for Peach, the noted Surrey big-hitter, once sent the ball out of the Oval—and it didn't touch the ground until it had travelled 300 miles! The ball landed in the back of a passing lorry. It was not discovered until the lorry reached Newcastle next day—hence the 300 miles before it touched the ground. The driver returned the ball on his next trip to London.

Another famous lost ball was one of a series of astonishing hits made by H. B. Cameron, the South African captain, at Sheffield in 1935. He hit three fours and three sixes off one over from Verity. One of the hits was "lost." The ball was found twelve months later in a drain-pipe on the pavilion roof, and is now a valued relic.

After the last ball of the over, the wicket-keeper said to Verity, "Don't worry. You've got him in two minds. He doesn't know whether to hit you for a four or six!"

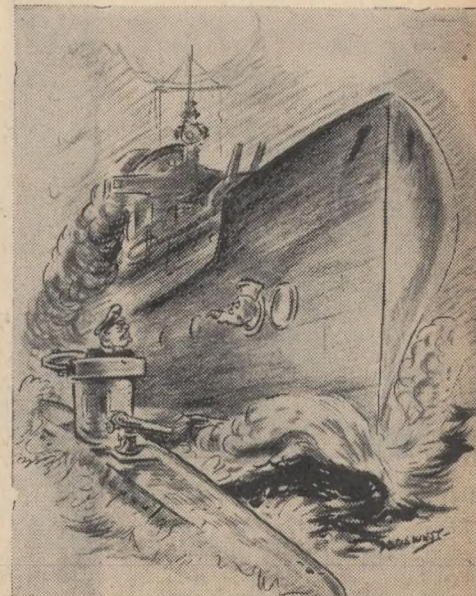
AMBITION of most golfers is to hole out in one. But not the way Mr. R. R. Smiley did it a few years ago. Playing on a Californian course, he drove off from the 13th tee and sliced the ball so badly that it curled round and disappeared into the hole on the 11th green!

Much more satisfactory was the way Roy Miller, playing on the Marland course, Oklahoma, achieved his ambition. In his morning round he holed the 5th (287 yards) in three against a bogey of four. In his afternoon round he holed it in two. He went out for a third round in the evening and holed it in one!

WHAT is a racehorse worth? The answer depends on when you buy it. Papyrus, Derby winner in 1923, was insured for £75,000 when he crossed the Atlantic to race in the U.S.A. in his Derby year. In 1938, at the age of 18, he was sold at Newmarket for £787 10s. But in the meantime he had earned nearly £90,000 in stud fees.

THE Sport of Kings is racing. But kings in recent years have played many games. King George VI, as Duke of York, was a first-class tennis player, and competed in doubles at Wimbledon. King Gustav of Sweden was a first-class tennis player right up to the age of 70, winning a tournament doubles after he had passed his 70th birthday.

In August, 1939, the name A. N. Other appeared in the draw sheet for the Belgian Amateur Championship. It concealed the identity of King Leopold of the Belgians, a first-class golfer. He returned 81 in the qualifying round—the same as the holder.



"Hell—no! This is the galley. Down the other end for surrender."

Good Morning



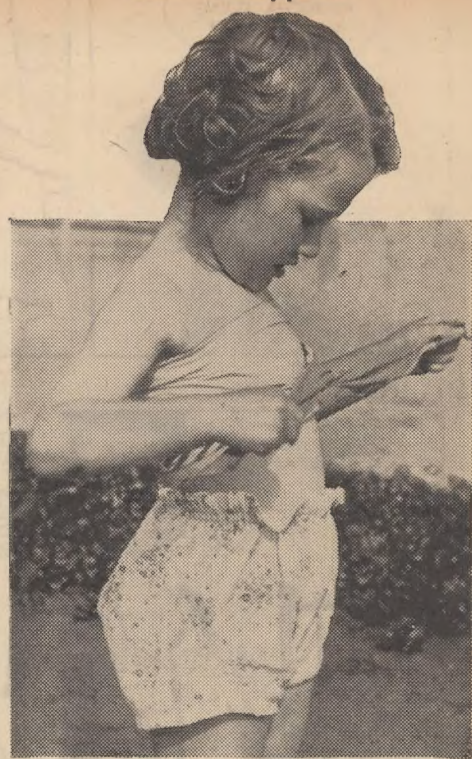
Bonnie Scotland

Craeg nan Eildeag stands sentinel over the longest and the grandest of the Highland glens, Glen Lyon, on the borders of Argyllshire, near Innerwick.



"Aw, Ma, can't a chap take a stroll to see what's doing without his mother watching him the whole time? What'll the gang think?"

"Other girls always seem to have a bit like this on top, so why shouldn't I? Must be the fashion, I suppose."



"Have you got spots before the eyes, fellows, or is it just our liver? You have? Right! Then we'll ask Lenore Aubert, RKO Radio's leopard-woman, to change her spots. Better stick around, sailors."★



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

